

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

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Timely Comment —on Topics of Interest in— Church and State

Charlotte is in the midst of Chapman-Alexander campaign which promises to be a greater success in Charlotte than in Atlanta. People within a radius of fifty miles of Charlotte should not fail to hear Dr. Chapman. He is the mighty Billy Sunday's trainer, and is the man who first discovered the sterling worth of Sunday. Dr. Chapman thinks well of Billy.

Italy seems almost certain to enter the war on the side of the allies, but so far she hasn't found a good excuse to enter in. You know all of the nations were drawn into the war against their wishes—to hear them tell it—but Germany is real anxious to keep Italy out and is trying to buy her off. So Italy is having a hard time getting into the push to get her share of the carcass over which the war dogs are struggling.

Dr. W. C. Smith professor of English in the State Normal College has organized a men's class in Bible study at the First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro. He has a class of more than 200 men from all walks of life who are out each Sunday and each enthused with her men studying the Bible that way Greensboro can look for a blessing in a larger measure.

I confess without shame that I am sick and tired of the war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentation of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot nor heard the shrieks and groans of the wounded and lacerated (friend or foe), that cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation."—Gen. Sherman.

England is now making ready to banish intoxicating liquor. Funny, isn't it that our enlightened civilization the world over did not recognize this curse until the war came along. The military officials found that the soldiers could not render efficient service and use alcoholic stimulants, and it is in the interest of military efficiency that Europe is putting the ban on whiskey. Thus one death-dealing element must go that the other may be more efficient, but the sun of peace will shine all the brighter when they are both banished to the junk pile of man's mistakes.

To those familiar with the ancient fighting methods of negroes the defeat of Jack Johnson, the big burly criminal who is a fugitive from justice for violating the white slave law, is not a very great surprise. Of late years he has been a saloon keeper and that will ruin any man be he preacher or prize fighter. But our motive in writing this is not to condemn prize fighting, although it is the most brutal sport known to humanity, but to tell about the way negroes fought in the savage state in Africa. Missionaries tell us that they do not use their fists, but would strike one another with their heads like goats, and it depended upon the hardest head to decide the winner. It is not strange that negroes have hard heads. It is said that they often kill one another by this butting method. The story is told of a negro who was brought to this country as a slave who had a bald head that was so hard he was willing to let any man hit him there as hard as he could with his fist, and for five cents he would butt the bark off any tree except a hickory. No wonder, then, Jack Johnson could not come with the Kansan in a fist fight. We hope we have heard the last of prize fighting in America. It is an evil thing.

SHORTENING DAYS

The days grow shorter, the nights grow longer;
The headstones thicken along the way;
And life grows sadder, but love grows stronger.
For those who walk with us day by day,
The tear comes quicker, the laugh comes slower;
The courage is lesser to do and dare;
And the tide of joy in the heart falls lower;
And seldom covers the reefs of care.
And all true things in the world seem true,
And the better things of the earth seem best,
And friends are dearer as friends are fewer,
And love is all as our sun dips west.

Then let us clasp hands as we talk together,
And let us speak softly in loves sweet tone;
For no man knows, on the morrow, whether
We two pass on—or but one, alone.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Retribution.

Retribution, or the teaching that we shall receive the punishment that is due us in return for the sins we commit, is not a very acceptable doctrine in this age. But the Bible still teaches it, the Church believes it, and human experience bears testimony to the fact that it never fails. And here is a little story that confirms our position on the subject. If we persist in doing evil the same return will be ours. A hunter was one day shot dead in the forest where he was seeking his favorite game. In spite of every effort to bring the murderer to justice he nevertheless escaped and his sin seemed to go unpunished. But twenty years later the murdered man's son, who took aim at a stag in the same forest, missed his mark and hit an unseen man. The shot was fatal, and as the man lay dying, he said to the son of the man whom he had so ruthlessly murdered twenty years before, "I am the man who shot your father, right here, under this oak. The very ground where I now lie was dyed with his blood; and it has evidently been designed that you, son of the murdered man, should on this precise spot, without any thought or intention of such a thing, avenge the act on me. God is just!" And there he expired. Ah! my friend, be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Consider this well.—Sel.

When God Made the Girls of Dixie.

Someone has said that when God made the Southern girl, He sent his angel throughout all the star-strewn realms of space to gather all there was of beauty and they threw down their glittering burdens at His feet. He began in their wondering presence the work of fashioning the Southern girl. He wrought with the gold and gleam of the stars, shifting glories and rainbow hues and the palled silver of a Southern moon. He wrought with the crimson which swooped in the rose's rubied heart, with the pure, sweet snow which gleamed from the lily's petals and the fires and flames which flash and leap from the jewel's depth. Then plunging deep into His own bosom, He took of the love beneath the wind-kissed waves of a summer sea, threw this into the form He was which gleams there like some rare pearl fashioning and all Heaven veiled its face, for lo, He had wrought the Southern girl.—Exchange.

After A while

Half the joy of life comes from getting good out of things as we go along. Some of us are always putting off our enjoyments. After a while we expect to take a rest, see a friend, read a book. But after while never comes; the good time we are looking forward to lies as far as ever. All our life is spent in meaning to overtake it and enjoy it. Meanwhile, we toil, drudge, and grow old, passing by with unselfish eye the happiness we might get out of every day.—Sel.



Mother is Waiting at the old Home.

There's a mother, bent and wrinkled, in a home back 'mong the hills,
And a longing for a letter that mother's lone heart fills,—
Just a line from son or daughter who for years has been away;
But the letter's long in coming,—none she gets, day after day.

No one knows how still and lonesome is that house where years ago
Mother rocked the old red cradle, gently, to and fro;
Soothed away child griefs with kisses, bound up cuts and fingers sore,
And a smiling watched the playing on the spotless kitchen floor!

Merry children round the table; quaint old dishes white and blue;
Now none come when dinner's ready,—table's only set for two!
Often when the light is waning, from the little parlor stand
Mother takes an old-time picture in her work-worn trembling hand:

Gazes on the face intently (such love's 'mong earth's chiefest charms):
"I was never half so happy as when you were in my arms!
I was often tired and weary, filled with care and oft perplexed;
Had so much to do I wondered what the task I should do next.

But I'd bear the burden gladly, suffer what I did, and more,
If those days—now gone forever—I could once again live o'er!"
Now her longing's for a letter, as she does her household chores,
Write and tell her how you love her,—if that lonesome mother's yours.

—A. F. Caldwell.

"The Seniors' time is nearly run.
Next year we'll put on airs,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints just as big as theirs.
—A ninth grade pupil.

—The snow last week was the
occasion of many small battles.
Many of the girls got their faces
washed.

—The game of base ball is
gaining impetus as the days go
by. Soon the players will be in
active training.

—A few days ago we had
tangerines for supper, but little
Mary Deaton was pleased to
call them kangaroos.

—A number of the teachers
had a delightful tacky party
last Saturday night. It was
rather a surprise affair, but was
enjoyed to the limit by those
who attended.

—Rev. Mr. White, A. R. P.
minister at Troutman, conducted
prayer meeting last Thursday
night for us in the dining room.
He pleased his audience of young
people and we were glad to have
him with us.

—Miss Leona Miller has been
away for a few days recently on
account of the death of her aunt
Mrs. M. A. Goodman of China
Grove. Mrs. Goodman was a
good friend of the orphans.

—Mrs. D. W. Lowrance of
Mooresville was a visitor in the
home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Low-
rance for several days last week.
Little Ruth Lowrance who was
critically ill for some time is
able to be up.

—The Ladies' Missionary
Society of Lincolnton have re-
cently remembered the Home in
a very substantial way. They
sent us two barrels of nice
canned fruit, for which we are
very thankful.

—Supt. Walker and Editor
Gray are planning to attend the
conference of orphanage work-
ers in Yorkville, S. C., next
week. It will be a genuine
treat to meet so many live wires
charged heavily with love and
zeal for the welfare of the
orphans of our land.

—Choosing between being
called an old maid, or "an un-
claimed blessing," the con-
sensus is that the former is the
more palatable hereabouts. The
term "old maid" gives them
the chance to say "by choice,"
but "an unclaimed blessing" is
quite undesirable as it gives the
feeling one has when one misses
the last train going in a certain
direction for twenty-four hours.
It is a long wait.

"It is good to move. A snail
is better than a barnacle."

—Rev. W. T. Walker preached
for the brethren at Elmwood on
last Sunday at eleven o'clock.
Our friends at Elmwood have
always been loyal to the Home,
and now they are arranging to
have Our Fatherless Ones sent
to all the Presbyterian families
in that community.

—Their mother having married
a second time, Will and Nannie
May Almond have gone to
Mebette, Texas, to live with
their parents, Dr. and Mrs. Red-
dick. Will was one of our largest
boys and our famous base
ball pitcher for two years.
Nannie May was one of the
bright Rumples Hall girls.

—We printer boys had a water
bucket full of snow cream Sat-
urday morning. After the
manner of boys, Furman Long
tried to get more than his share.
Pretty soon he gave up in de-
spair with the assertion "This
snow cream makes my tempers
hurt."

—Miss Janie McEachin, lady
manager of the Home, has gone
to Laurinburg to spend several
weeks. She was accompanied
by Margaret McPhail, one of
our bright little Annie Louise
girls, and Josephine Walker, the
pretty little daughter of our
superintendent.

—Some one is treating Prof.
Cowan right. Monday morning
he blossomed out bright and
early with a surveying outfit and
began surveying our land
for terraces. When they get
through this time all of the land
will be terraced, and much fer-
tile soil that has been allowed to
wash away will be retained.

—We have cabbage plants for
sale at 10 cents per hundred.
Last winter we advertised
cabbage plants for sale and
received numerous orders which
could not be filled because the
weather became too severe
and the plants died. How-
ever, we have plenty now and
people desiring plants should
address the superintendent.

—The editor accompanied five
of our larger boys to Davidson
Tuesday afternoon to witness
the Davidson-Carolina base
ball game, which resulted in a
victory for Carolina by the
score of seven to three. The
presence of an old Barium boy
on first base for Carolina caused
our boys to be somewhat un-
neutral toward Davidson.
Through the kindness of Mr.
John Carriker our party was
admitted to the grounds with-
out charges and our fellows are
beholden to the Davidson boys
and enjoyed their visit beyond
measure.

—Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin
spent the week-end with rela-
tives near Mount Ulla.

Sowing Seed of Suspicion

The man who looks wise and
hints darkly of misdoing on the
part of those holding responsi-
ble places in the denomination,
without making specific charges,
is an unworthy coward. And
there are such men, and they
do immense damage, for they
know full well that they cannot
sustain it, but they can create
suspicion in the minds of honest
men, and cause them to stumble.
A man professing to be a
gentleman, not to say a Chris-
tian, who will do a thing of this
sort ought to blush with shame
every time he looks in a mirror.
It is the duty of us all to cry
aloud and spare not when we
see dangers ahead in the affairs
of the Kingdom. Every man
ought to be a watchman on the
walls of Zion. We should spare
neither ourselves nor our friends
when the interests of the King-
dom is in jeopardy; but that is
one thing, and what we are dis-
cussing in this article is quite
another.

He who endeavors to en-
gender distrust or doubt in the
minds of those over whom he
has influence, without coming
out in manly fashion and telling
the straight truth, ought at
once to be discredited by those
he is trying to poison. Here,
for instance, is a man in a
responsible place in our denomi-
national affair. Somebody
whispers in somebody else's
ear "He is a good man in some
respects but—better watch out.
Something is going to drop some
of these days"; and with a
knowing wink drops the subject.
That is not only unkind and
unchristian—it is dastardly, and
no gentleman will be guilty of it.
Here is a policy upon which the
brethren agree, or an in-
stitution needing help. The
breeder of suspicion without
saying a word in the way of
a direct charge, shakes his
head and doubts the wisdom
or worthiness of either, and
the work is done. The question
mark is raised in the mind of
the listener, and the enthusiastic
loyalty of the brother it slain
in cold blood. The man who is
opposed to any given policy
of the denomination or any man
in our official capacity, and
who has the manhood to say so
even though he may be wholly
wrong, is entitled to respect,
but the sneak who sows suspicion
in the minds of those who will
listen to him merits only con-
tempt. We have referred to the
suspicion breeder in the religious
realm, but he is found every-
where and wherever he lives,
moves and has his being, he is a
menace to society and ought to
be branded for exactly what he is.
No brave man will ever wield
such a weapon. If things are
going wrong the manly thing to
do is to say so and in language
that everybody can understand,
but from the man who makes
dark and ominous hints and
mysterious insinuations without
back them up we pray to be
delivered!—Charity and Chil-
dren.

—It takes the imaginative
mind of boys to put two and two
together and make five. The
boys were discussing the prize
fight when one better informed
than the rest spoke up to en-
lighten the crowd: "Jack John-
son ought to beat, he eats four-
teen chickens a day. I could
prize fight too if I had the
chance of fourteen chickens a
day." He probably got his
figures from a crier for a circus
in telling about that monstrous
snake and what is required to
feed him.

—Many of the hearts of our
children are made glad these
days because of the arrival of
clothing boxes. Almost every
train brings a clothing box for
some child. Without exception
they send very nice clothes and
the children are always pleased.
We are proud of the noble wo-
men who sacrifice, in many in-
stances, so that our children
may wear as good clothes as
other children.

—Ola Cowan spent the week-
end with relatives in Moores-
ville.

GLEANINGS

—FROM—
Orphanage Papers.

Should the Church care for Orphans?

Of all the means that human
wisdom and benevolence have
yet devised for the care of
orphan children none ever has,
and, in all probability, none ever
will so naturally take the place
of the child's broken home, or
so completely fulfill the purpose
of that divine will which
"setteth the solitary in
families," as do the children's
homes instituted by the wisdom
and sustained by the beneficence
of the church.

The Mothers' Pension system,
which makes liberal provision
for the fatherless orphan in its
natural home is ideal, so far as
it goes, and where the mother is
of the proper kind, but its bene-
fits are withheld from the very
class of orphans most in need of
them. It is in the motherless
home that the children suffer
most, and it is the children of
such homes that need most the
guiding hand and restraining
influence of their own church in
its children's home.

Another excellent system is
that of adoption into childless
homes, but its excellence is in
exact ratio to the goodness of
the home, and not every well-to-
do childless home that opens to
the orphan is such a dying
mother would choose for her
children in preference to the
refuge for them provided by
her church. Even when the
adoption could be made into a
Christian home it should be
borne in mind that the children
of Methodist parentage have a
birthright in the Methodist
church, and it should be a stern-
er necessity than that of Esau
which compels them to forfeit
it, as they probably would by
being reared in a religious
household of another faith.

The idea that the state should
provide for the care of all its
needy orphans first, no favor
with us, for the reason that
religious instruction is no part
of the duties or privileges of the
state, while it is the very
first, if not the chief obligation
the church owes to dependent
children her departed saints.
The Methodist church has al-
ways stood squarely opposed to
the use of the public funds for
denominational purposes, and
would be conscientiously and
consistently self-excluded from
participation in the benefits of
a state-supported orphanage,
and, at the same time, be re-
quired by law to contribute
largely to its maintenance. Any
system that would bring about
a condition so intolerably unjust
will lack favorable considera-
tion, and its adoption is not at
all probable.

There are many questions, in
church and state, that give us
pause but the one we are now
considering is not among them.
It is our firm conviction that the
church should care for her own
orphans, because she can do it
better than any other agency.
We believe it is her divinely in-
trusted mission to turn the light
"The Sun of Righteousness" in-
to the dark places of the earth,
and pour the balm of healing
upon the sorely wounded. The
church is God's blessing to the
orphan, and the orphan in His
richer blessing to church, for
we "Remember the words of
the Lord Jesus, how that He
said: It is more blessed to give
than to receive" and we not only
remember, but believe it.—The
Home Chronicle.

One of the greatest danger of
our time is to estimate manhood
by the accidents of life rather
than by essentials. Manhood
consists not in what a man has
nor in what happens to him; it
consists not in wealth nor
crowns nor titles; but rather in
the things that are in him, that
are the motive powers in his
soul—his thoughts, his ideals,
his purposes, his affections.—
Selected.

Our Fatherless Ones

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JAS. P. GRAY, Editor.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1915.

Sidney S. Love, secretary of
the Prisoners Aid Society, in-
tends to place a Bible in every
jail in North Carolina.

Straw hats, red, green, black,
and other colors, are very much
in vogue for men this year. Pity
the men if they too must be
slaves of fickle fashion.

The Oxford Orphanage is now
prepared to shelter thirty-five
babies. Now that far-seeing
institution will gather the lambs
into the fold. It is a dream of a
Seer come to pass.

The legislature of Vermont
has passed a law providing for
eugenic marriages. A fine of
\$500 is fixed for any persons who
wed without fulfilling the re-
quirements of the law. In many
respects this law is a good one
as it is aimed to prevent the
marriage of persons physically
or mentally unfit.

The price of cotton is steadily
rising but the wise heads tell us
this is merely a scheme of the
speculators to encourage the
southern farmers to plant a
large crop this spring and make
him the goat again next fall.
We don't know, but our farmer
friends ought to consider well
before taking a leap in the dark-
ness.

The proposition to secure
Rev. Dr. C. M. Richards of
Davidson as the new president
of Statesville Female College
will not down. The good people
of Statesville do not intend to
leave a stone unturned in their
efforts to secure his services.
He has the solid support of the
citizenship of the town. But
the people of Davidson are
equally emphatic in their efforts
to keep Dr. Richards.

Failing in their efforts to
choke The Menace by postal
laws, the Catholic machine has
begun a war in the courts a-
gainst The Menace for alleged
libel. If The Menace fails to
substantiate its assertions it will
be the first time. Bad as the
"stuff" they print is, it doesn't
tell half of the corruption that
is known to exist in the Romish
gang.

Rev. Dr. J. A. Scott, the
retiring president of Statesville
Female College, has given the
best years of his life to educat-
ing the young women of our
church. All the progress that
has been made is due to his un-
flinching zeal in behalf of higher
education for women. It will
be hard to find a man to wear
the mantle of Dr. Scott and
excell his record.

Someone hearing of the financial
crisis of all the orphanages asks
whether the Thornwell Orph-
phanage is to be closed. This
is the reply he got: "Not until
God's mercies fail; not until His
stewards forget the fatherless." That answer assures all of the
orphanages of a long life and
continued prosperity. God shall
not fail the orphans, neither
shall his people.

It is a puerile statement to
hear men say that they do not
believe in foreign missions. It
shows thoughtlessness and
is really absurd. If it were not
for the missionary spirit our
own christian America would
not be possible. Man, even
the heathen are willing to aid
their own people, but it takes
a christian to leave home and
friends and carry the message
of eternal life to the heathen.
Don't make such a statement.

This paper does not think well
of the jitneybus where it is op-
erated in opposition to the street
cars. Of course it is fine where
there are no street cars. The
jitney gathers in all of the juicy
plums and leaves the trolleys
the faulty ones—the unprofit-
able business at irregular hours.
The jitney pays no damage but
the street railways do. It is
hardly fair competition to say
the least.

The Davidson College Maga-
zine is one of the most interest-
ing exchanges that come to our
desk. The editorials, essays,
poems and short stories contrib-
uted by the students are all of
high order. The mechanical
make-up of this magazine is
faultless. The aim of this mag-
azine is to promote literary ef-
fort in the college and, to say
the least, encouraging results
are being realized. It is issued
monthly during the school term.

We have only to consult the
members of our fifth grade to
ascertain that the news story
sent out from Chapel Hill that
former President Andrew John-
son was a graduate of the Uni-
versity was a grave mistake.
All of us remember from history
that he never attended school a
day in his life. His father was
drowned when Andrew was only
five years old and the latter had
to go to work to support his
widowed mother. However, his
wife taught him to read and
write after his marriage. It is
not infrequent that newspapers
get things tangled.

What is real patriotism? Mr.
Bruce Craven, in a speech at a
Junior Order Bible and flag
presentation in Randolph county,
had the following light to throw
on real patriotism:

The trouble with our patriot-
ism is not that there is too little
of it, but that it is too big and
glorious. It is easier to die for
our country than to live for our
town, to serve God abroad than
to fight the devil at home, to de-
mand that foreigners honor our
flag than to honor it ourselves,
to be an American than to be a
good neighbor. The nation never
lacks for heroes, while com-
munity dies for want of good
citizens.

The man who inaugurated the
annual debate at the University
of North Carolina to be held
each spring, scored a victory in
the matter of securing recruits
for the University from the high
schools of the State. Nine cases
out of ten, probably, the
students who participate in the
debate will want to go to the
University when the times
arrives to go off to school. The
fellowship among so many
aspiring students has a powerful
influence in causing the boys to
favor the University for their
college days. Our denomina-
tional colleges could not do better
than to imitate, in some way,
the University in the matter
of securing the attendance of
many boys who are prospective
students.

"A young girl is as fickle as an
April day," says a philosopher.
Those who have observed the
weather lately know something
of the storm that surges in the
mind of a girl. It is an unsolved
element.

Put Christ in Your Will.

It is customary for men of
property to make out their wills
before their death, and it is
truly amazing that so few
Christians remember the cause
of Christ in the distribution of
their goods and chattels.

It is greatly to be wondered
at that any Christian man can
die in peace right upon the heels
of having made an intensely
selfish and worldly disposal of
every fraction of that wealth,
in the accumulation of which
he had so often sought and
found God's providential aid,
and for the enjoyment of which
he had so often returned thanks
to the Almighty. Charity
would suggest that the failure
of a Christian to embrace the
cause of Christ in his will re-
sults oftener than otherwise
from mere oversight. But
what an oversight! It tends
rather to heighten than to
diminish the marvel.

That one in a thousand might
be supposed never to think of
the numerous calls of Christian
benevolence in the construction
of his will might be believed;
but that barely one of a thou-
sand should think upon these
things is almost incredible.
For a man, under such circum-
stances, to be forgetful of his
obligations to Christ is as hard
of belief as that the laborer
should forget his meals or his
wages. What, then, are we to
conclude? Can it be possible
such forgetful professors are
not real Christians? It were
hard in the main so to believe,
and yet the conclusion is inevi-
table. For a wealthy Christian,
in the hour of death, to scatter
his wealth left and right, and
cast not a farthing into the
treasury of the Lord, reminds
us of the man who was told
that his boss was dying and
had just said that he was going
to heaven. "Oh, no," said he;
"I guess that is a mistake about
his going to heaven. He may
be dying; I don't know about
that, but I'm pretty certain he's
not going to heaven. I know
the 'Ole boss' too well for that.
Why, when he was up and about,
and purposed to go any where
he would be talking about it for
weeks before hand. He would
tell the shop hands about it,
speak of it to visitors—and
never tire of talking it over,
and if he had and thought of
going to heaven we'd have
heard of it before now." So
for a dying Christian, momen-
tarily expecting to appear
before Christ, not think of
Christ's churches, colleges,
orphanages and mission boards,
would seem to indicate either
that he is a hypocrite or that
he is of the number of those
who are said to be saved, "yet
so as by fire." For ourselves,
we are content that this
reasoning should be understood
to apply only to those Christians
who should have something left
after apportioning a reasonable
competency to such friends and
relatives as are usually embraced
in the provisions of a will. It
is that "something left,"
which we contend the Chris-
tian should devote to the cause
of Christ. But should it be
asked, How are we to agree
upon what shall constitute a
"reasonable competency?"
we answer, and we believe our
answer to be beyond the reach
of cavil, that when a testator
leaves to a man a sum of money,
the lawful interest of which will
afford him a respectable living—
say, in the style of the average
lawyer or doctor—he has left
him a reasonable competency.

On this subject of will-making
we wish to register our solemn
protest against the unspeakable
folly of deferring so important
a matter to one's deathbed. If
you have a will to make, make
it now. Go to-day and attend
to it. If your life should be
prolonged, you can alter the
document to suit any change
of fortune for the better or the
worse. The wise man is he who
so distributes his wealth in his
life time as that there shall be
no need of a will to be wrangled
over when he is dead. Having
given your sons or daughters
the best education they will
take, start the former in life
and make provisions for the
comfort of the latter. Now,
look about you. Seek the
highest joy this earth affords—
it consists in Christian useful-
ness. From now unto death
consecrate your all to Christ.
Lay up for yourselves treasures
in heaven, where neither moth
nor rust doth corrupt, and
where thieves do not break
through nor steal."—J. E.
Hutson.

Gems of Thought for Every Day Living.

"Work: make more of your
life than a dash between two
dates."

"Look about you; don't be the
sort of person who crosses the
stream in search of water."

"Doing business with a man
who believes that every one else
is dishonest is rarely safe."

Kindness is a language which
the dumb can speak, and the
deaf can understand.—Sel.

Learn to live, that thou may-
est die so, too.—Sir John Den-
ham.

"You had better climb slow
on a sound ladder than fast on a
shaky one."

Cheerfulness and content are
great beautifiers, and are famous
preservers of good looks.—
Dickens.

"Analyze the contents of your
cup of sorrow and you'll be sur-
prised at the happiness found
herein."

"Wine is a mocker, strong
drink is raging; and whosoever
is deceived thereby is not wise."
—Prov. 20: 1.

"The bad thing about a rolling
stone is not that it gathers no
moss, but that it is always going
down hill."

Know what your sin is and
confess it; but do not imagine
that you have approved yourself
a penitent by confessing sin in
the abstract.—T. L. Cuyler.

Know ye not who would be
free themselves must strike the
blow? By their right arms the
conquest must be wrought?—
Byron.

He who lives above suspicion
has little to fear from false re-
ports.—A. R. P.

"Loving men is the Scriptural
rule for knowing God."

The man who would the rough
gems polish with which to de-
corate the world, can always
find great clusters near his own
door.—G. C. Swilling.

A Nickel for the Lord.

He wore a rose on his coat,
but when the plate was passed
gave a nickel to the Lord. He
had several bills in his pocket
and sundry silver change, but
hunted about and found this
poor nickel and placed it on the
plate to aid the church militant
in its fight against the world,
the flesh and the devil. His
silk hat was on the seat; his
gloves and cane were beside it;
and the nickel was on the plate,
a whole nickel!

On Saturday he met a friend;
the cash register recorded \$1.35,
and he handed the boy a dime.
A nickel to the Lord and a dime
to the waiter! He had his shoes
polished and handed the Greek
a dime without a murmur. He
had a shave and paid his check
of fifteen cents and "tipped"
the barber a dime. He took a
box of candy to his wife, paid
40 cents for it, and tied it with
a dainty ribbon—and gave a
nickel to the Lord.

Who is the Lord?
This man worships him as the
creator of the universe, the one
who put the stars in order and
by whose immutable decree the
heavens stand—and he dropped
a nickel on the plate to support
His church—the Church Mili-
tant—which represents on earth
the Church Triumphant.

The Lord being gracious and
slow to anger and remembering
his "frame" did not slay this
man for his meanness but gave
him his daily bread. But the
nickel was ashamed, if the man
was not, for it slunk beneath
the quarter which was given by
a poor woman who washes for a
living.—The Toronto Star.

When a Chinese woman calls
up the telephone station for a
connection, she says: "My
beautiful, sweet-voiced sister
will you please do the joy-giving
honor of ringing 1245 so a duti-
ful wife can communicate with
her sublime husband." A tele-
phone girl says she hopes the
Chinese women will send thou-
sand missionaries for work a mong
American women.—Ex.

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Do you know that by allowing
your pianos to go untuned indefi-
nitely, you are thereby vitiat-
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won't be able to distinguish con-
sistence from dissonance.
W. E. Senn, Charlotte, N. C.

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Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home,
Barium Springs, North Carolina:
"I give, devise and bequeath to the
Regents of the Orphans' Home of the
Presbyterian Church of the State of
North Carolina, the following:"
The will should be properly executed
with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1915.

Billy Sunday on Liquor Evils.

Billy Sunday, the noted evan-
gelist, in a sermon in Philadel-
phia recently said:

"I am the sworn and eternal
and uncompromising enemy of
the liquor traffic. I shall ask no
quarter from that gang."

After all is said that can be
said on the liquor traffic, its in-
fluence is degrading on the in-
dividual, the family, politics and
business and everything that you
touch in this old world. For the
time has long gone by when
there is any ground for argu-
ment of its ill effects. All are
agreed on that point. There is
just one prime reason why the
saloon has not been knocked in-
to hell, and that is the false
statement that saloons are need-
ed to help lighten the 'taxes'."

"The saloons come as near be-
ing a rat hole for the wage earner
to dump his wages in as any-
thing you can find. The only in-
terest it pays is red eyes, foul
breath and the loss of your
health. You go in with charac-
ter and come out ruined."

"The saloon is a coward and
the saloon keeper is worse than
a thief or a murderer. The ordi-
nary thief steals only your
money, but the saloon keeper
steals your honor and your charac-
ter. The ordinary murderer
takes your life, but the saloon
keeper murders your soul."

"The saloon is an infidel. It
has no faith in God; has no reli-
gion. It would close every church
in the land. It would hang its
beer signs on the abandoned al-
ters. It would close ever public
school. It respects the thief and
it esteems the blasphemer; it
fills the prisons and penitenti-
aries. It despises heaven, hates
love, scorns virtue. It tempts
the passions. Its sermons are
a collection of lewd, vile stories.
It wraps a mantle about the hope
of this world and that to come.
It is the moral clearing house for
rot and damnation, and poverty,
and insanity, and it wrecks
homes and blights lives today.
The saloon is a liar. It prom-
ises good cheer and sends sorrow.
It promises health and causes
disease. It promises prosperity
and sends adversity. It promises
happiness and sends misery."

"It's God's worst enemy and
the devil's best friend. It
spoils neither youth nor age.
It is waiting with a dirty blank-
et for the baby to crawl into the
world. It lies in wait for the
unborn."

The Flirting Girl

The first question a man asks
when he sees a girl flirting is
whether she is a respectable girl
or not. You see how it raised
a doubt at once. This being the
case, surely no modest girl can
afford the slightest degree of
this pastime. When the down
is brushed from a peach the
beauty is marred and it can never
be restored, and so when a
young girl throws lightly aside
that sweet and modest reserve
so becoming to a maiden and
which so elevates her and en-
ables her to command the re-
spect of all, she loses her great-
est charm and becomes rather
common and cheap, to use no
rash terms. Flirting may seem
to the giddy and thoughtless
girl to be wonderfully amusing,
and she may even get an idea
that she is quite fascinating,
but it is a most degrading thing
and should be frowned upon by
every young girl who has an
ambition to become a worthy
and charming woman.—Ex.

Rules For Happiness.

It was at a girls' summer
school years ago. One of the
girls rose, and said to Alice
Freeman Palmer, the honored
and beloved first President of
Wellesley College, who had been
talking to them: "Mrs. Palmer,
you are always so cheerful and
happy. Will you tell us, please
how we can be happy?"

"I will, dear," said this noble
woman. "I will give you three
very simple rules. The first is
this: Commit something to
memory every day—something
good. It needn't be much.
Three or four will do—just a
bit of a poem or a Bible verse.
The second rule is: Look for
something pretty every day,
and don't skip a day, or it
won't work. My third is, (now,
mind, don't skip a day): Do
something for somebody every
day. That is all there is to it,
dear. You'd better try it." These
three rules are just as good
as when they were spoken. They
will work always and every-
where, in the country as well
as in the city, for boys as well
as girls. They will make a
farm-house warm in the chill
of winter, and a tenement cool
in the blazing summer. They
will help to make us masters
of our lives. They are so plain
that everybody can understand
them, and so practical that
everybody can keep them. No
matter how lowering and how
gray, the sky, these rules will
make the sun shine through.—
Sel.

A grand old Man of The French Army

Tall, erect, and vigorous,
with a glow of health upon his
cheek, he rose before an audience
and said:

"You see before you a man
seventy years old. I have fought
in 200 battles, have 14 wounds
in my body, have lived 30 days
on horse flesh, with the bark of
trees for my bread, snow and
ice for my drink, the canopy of
heaven for my covering, without
stockings or shoes on my feet,
and only a few rags of clothing.
In the deserts of Egypt, I have
marched for days with a burn-
ing sun upon my naked head;
feet blistered in the scorching
sand, and with eyes, nostrils
and mouth filled with dust, and
with a thirst so tormenting that
I have opened the veins in my
arm and sucked my own blood.
Do you ask how I survive all
these horrors? I answer that un-
der the providence of God, I
owe my preservation, my health
and vigor, to this fact, that I
never drank a drop of spirituous
liquor in my life; and Baron
Larrey, chief of the medical
staff of the French army, has
stated as a fact, that the 6000
survivors who returned from
Egypt were all of them men who
abstained from ardent spirits.—
Sel.

A Thought for the week.

Both President Lowell and ex-
President Eliot, of Harvard,
have given to their students the
wise but unusual advice to
marry early. President Eliot
goes farther. He does not like
to see so many young male
immigrants coming to this coun-
try, and he would restrict the
number, allowing freely those
to enter who bring their wives
and children. For early mar-
riage the arguments are
many and weighty. They in-
clude morality, steadiness, res-
ponsibility, parenthood, unself-
ishness, industry, and charac-
ter. It is on the family that
worthy civilization rests. Mar-
riage is honorable and decent.
It is the solid basis and the pre-
servative of society. The usual
objections to early marriage are
unworthy, selfish and cowardly.
—New York Independent.

The Morals of Greensboro.

Greensboro is in our judgment
the most moral city in our State.
Public sentiment there, we are
persuaded, is more healthful
than in any other community of
its size. The forces of right-
eousness are well organized,
and the leading business men
of the city throw their power-
ful influence on the side of
civic purity. The Sundays in
Greensboro are tremendous
factors in the promotion of
public virtue, and the Y. M. C.
A. under the direction
of a capable manager, Mr. J.
M. Stickney, stands behind
every uplift movement. Greens-
boro is a good town and its
growth in the moral realm keep
pace with its industrial and com-
mercial progress.—Charity and
Children.

War and Lies.

"After all, mere contemptible
lying is the beginning and end
of war."

Thus soliloquizes The Colum-
bia State and it comes very near
making its case. Hear it:

When a modern, "up-to-date,"
well ordered, scientific and civil-
ized war is in progress, one hears
and reads—lies. Plain, miser-
able, sneaking lies and half-
truths reeking with cowardly
evasion, false pretense and com-
mon, vulgar boasting.

What nation, in the great war
now going on, is not a silly brag-
gart?

Barlin (Official): The French
troops attacked in force but were
repulsed. We took 40,000 pris-
oners. The fortress of
was abandoned to the Russians.
The garrison was of 25,000. The
matters of no importance.

Petrograd: Our army captured
the fortress of — and
garrison of 125,000, including a
full score of generals and in-
numerable cannon.

London: Five weeks ago the
battleship — was torpedoed.
It was ready for the junk pile.

Paris: The enemy attacked
our trenches in overwhelming
force. They were repulsed.

They are all liars, these official
reporters. To belittle defeats
and exaggerate victories is their
office—and, despite straining
effort, they do it with slight
skill.

One remembers a fight in a
country school in the long ago
between fifteen year olds—a
fight of hair-pulling and clawing
and scratching, of occasional
blows, of getting and losing the
"grave-yard grip," of gouging,
scuffling and wrestling in the
dirt and mir. It was a drawn
fight and when it was ended, by
the ringing of the bell call to
"books and the fear of the ar-
rival of a certain muscular adept
in the manipulation of hickory
switches (though he was also a
one armed veteran of the war,
too, and a good man with a
grievously impaired digestion)
one remembers the bragging and
the shouting, the challenging
and counter-challenging of the
respective partisans of the com-
batants as they marched strag-
gly to the school house. On-
ly by the two hours of afternoon
confinement under the eye that
one armed and sour dyspeptic,
during which anger cooled, were
a dozen later fights prevented—
fights resulting from loud, boy-
ish lies.

Indeed, these official reports
must lie or light will seep into
the blinded minds of men and
fighting will cease. Without in-
cessant lying war could not live
and, awkwardly as they perform
their duties, the liars are as in-
dispensable to the machinery of
conflict as the 42-centimetre
guns and the weapons of under-
sea assassination whereby ships
with poor sailors laboring hard
for a meagre livelihood for their
families and at peace with all
mankind are stricken, without
warning, to their deaths.

After all, mere contemptible
lying is the beginning and end of
war.

This world is given to lying.
We have an idea that a news-
gatherer is some times almost
led into lying. He is paid for
his work; at times he cannot get
anything of value and he "takes
a chance" and—tells a lie. One
of the oldest newspaper men in
this State used to say that it was
a mighty poor reporter who
could not tell an innocent lie one
day in order to get a better
story the next day. And the
thing is practiced to this day.

The Color Line.

The color line, like the poor,
it appears that we are to have
with us always. We of the South
who have been reared with the
negro, and who know him
better than does any one else,
and really have his interests
more at heart, have drawn
that line, and for the good of
the two races, to say nothing of
the piece between them, we in-
tend to insist upon it.

Some of our Northern breth-
ren, who have and academic in-
terest in the race, think that we
are unreasonable and in Chris-
tian, if not inhuman.
When the bill passed Congress
forbidding the intermarriage of
the white and colored races
within the District of Columbia,
our dear old friend of the United
Presbyterian, who knows as
much of the negro as an
Esquimaux does of a Geyser,
raised the cry that it was and
insult to the colored race. We
have a faint suspicion that our
brother would long for such a
law, if the danger threatened
his own household.—Ex.

The Humorous Side of Life.

Saved the Day.

They had just been married
and were about to start on their
wedding trip. As is the custom
with bridegrooms, he was em-
barrassed to the point of forget-
fulness, but he met the situation
like an expert.

"Why, Harry, you bought
only one ticket," said the bride
reproachfully.

"Just like me, dear," said
Harry quickly, "always forget-
ting myself."—Southern
Woman's Magazine.

She Missed

Person's Weekly credits this
story to Joseph H. Choate:

"Two young girls were drink-
ing tea at a fashionable restaur-
ant when a young man raised
his hat and passed on. As he
passed the first girl blushed,
displayed a beautiful ring on her
white hand, and murmured:
'Well, Jack and I are to be mar-
ried Easter week.'"

"But," said the other girl, "I
thought you had thrown Jack
over."

"Oh, so I did," the re-
plied, blushing again and hiding
her face, "but—but you know
how a girl throws."—Selected.

Teacher: "Here today and
gone to-morrow. What's that?"

Wise Kid: "A Mexican presi-
dent."

A Victim of the War.

"Madam," said the tattered
and torn supplicant to the be-
nevolent lady who answered his
timid tap at the door, "have
you any old clothes you can
spare for an unfortunate victim
of the European war?"

"I think I have, my poor man;
but how does this happen? You
cannot have been in war, sure-
ly?"

"No madam," humbly replied
the sufferer; "but my wife has
sent all my clothes to the Bel-
gians."

"I used to imagine my hus-
band thought only for me, but
now I have decided that his
thoughts have a wider range."
"How do you think they run?"
"About in this order—baseball,
clothes, billiards, business, his
bulldog and me."—Louisville
Courier-Journal.

The Man: "Of course, you un-
derstand, dear, that our engage-
ment must be kept secret?"

The Woman: "Oh, yes, dear?
I tell everybody that."—New
York American.

Mary was seven, and she
didn't want to take her music
lesson. She set her seven-year-
old wits to work to find some
way to get out of it. She decid-
ed at length that she would hide;
so she slipped behind the piano
and stayed there until her
mother finally found her.

"Why, Mary, don't you like
your music?" asked her mother
anxiously.

"No," sobbed the little girl:
"I just hate those little black
things sittin' on the fence!"—
Harper's Magazine.

At a recent wedding the
bride was Miss Jane Helper and
the bride-groom was Mr. Newton
Lord. The bridegroom, however,
was very angry when he saw in
the newspaper an account of
their wedding, headed in usual
way: "Lord—Helper."

Boys we Like

The boy who never makes fun
of old age, no matter how de-
crepit or unfortunate or evil it
may be. God's hand rests lov-
ingly on the aged head.

The boy who never cheats in
games, cheating is contemptible
anywhere and at any age. His
play should strengthen, not
weaken his character.

The boy who never calls any
body bad names, no matter what
any body calls him.

The boy who is never cruel.
The boy who never lies, even
white lies leave black spots on
the character.

The boy who never makes fun
of a companion because of a mis-
fortune he could not help.

The boy who never hesitates
to say "No" when asked to do
a wrong thing.

The boy who never quarrels.
The boy who never forgets
that God made him to be a joy-
ous, loving, helpful being.—Ex.

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CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Everything in the
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Wanted:

Dried apples, peach seed
and unpeeled peaches.
We can use any quantity
and would thank you to
write us for prices, if you
have any to sell.

J. K. Morrison &
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Statesville N. C.

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Ready-to-Wear Clothing

of the Best Quality.

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Read These Letters!

Mount Mourn, N. C.

January 2nd., 1915.

Barium Springs Co:--

Please accept my thanks for the ten gallons of water
you presented me, at the request of Rev. C. M. Richards, D. D.,
of Davidson.

The Water Has Cured My Eczema
Dr. Richards was here today and was surprised at my quick re-
covery, said a picture of me before I began using it would be a
great advertisement for the water.

Yours respectfully,
J. C. Kennedy.

Note by Barium Springs Co.—Rev. J. C. Kennedy is blind, but is
bright, happy and cheerful in his declining years. Dr. Richards
often visits him.

Lancaster, S. C.

December, 1914.

Barium Springs Co:--

"I ordered some of your water and it cured my wife
and my brother of Eczema."

It is certainly a wonderful water.

Isaac T. Hunter.

This water has cured
many cases of Rheuma-
tism, Kidney, Stomach and
Skin troubles. Try it and be con-
vinced.

GUARANTEE.—Should any one use ten gallons of
the water and receive no benefit,
we will cheerfully refund amount paid us on return of vessels in
good order.

Barium Springs Company
Barium Springs, : : N. C.

THE OLD RELIABLE ACME FERTILIZERS

FAMOUS FOR THEIR PRODUCING POWER

Brands Perfectly Manipulated, of
Highest Grade Materials and Always in Splendid
mechanical Condition.

Manufactured by an Independent Home Company.

Are Offered to the Trade for the Twenty-Eighth Year.

ACME MANUFACTURING CO.

William Gilchrist, President, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Short Stories for the Boys and Girls

When the Birds go North Again.
Oh, every year hath its winter,
And every year hath its rain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again,
When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain
And the alder's veins turn crimson,
And the birds go North again.
Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain;
But a day is always coming
When the birds go North again.
Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds go North again.
Mrs. Ella Higgins.

A Word to Boys.

Young man, there is one thing you can not do. You can not make a success in life unless you work. Better men than you have tried and failed. You can't loaf around the streets, smoke cigarettes, tell foul stories, drink whiskey and sponge on someone else without making a failure in life. You must learn a trade or get into some honest business. If you don't you will be a chronic loafer, despised by all, producing nothing, simply making yourself a burden on your parents or the state.
There is no place in the world for loafers. The ripe fruit is all at the top of the tree. You must climb to get it. If you wait for it to fall at your feet you will never get it. Smarter men will jump up and get all. Move. Do something, no matter how small. It will be a starter. Help yourself and others will help you. There is no royal road to success. Toil, grit and endurance, these are requisites. Wake up and see what you can do.—Ex.

Properly Marked

It was a hot summer afternoon, and a good-sized crowd of people stood on the street corner waiting for a car to carry them to the park. The car presently came and it had on but two or three passengers. The waiting people thought it looked like the car they should take, but not one of them made move to get on. A policeman seeing the difficulty, stepped in front of the car and said to the motorman, "You forgot to turn the sign-board on your car." The fact of the matter was the motorman had run his car several miles in the opposite direction from which the board said he was going. When the board was turned inside out the car was soon filled with passengers.

We shall not be able to lead many people into the kingdom with us unless they can see clearly that we are going in that direction. Some persons that presumable on the right side and they confess the Christian faith, but there are very few signs of it. We may be convinced that we are going in the right direction, but it is our duty to see to it that the evidence is so convincing that others can not be mistaken.—Young Folks.

An All Around Man

When the power of speed is developed in a horse to an extraordinary degree, that is all that is asked of it. The horse may be gentle or vicious, but the gentleness does not add to its value as a racing animal. The hound that can follow a scent unerringly through a swamp is a perfect success as a dog, even though he cannot be trusted in the kitchen when the cook's back is turned. Sometimes more is asked of humanity than this. There have been geniuses who have assumed that the development of their talents was all that could be demanded of them, and have failed along all other lines. They have plunged into vice, returned kindness with ingratitude, betrayed confidence, put selfish gratification above everything else, and whatever their achievement along the line of their talent, the world's remembrance of them is tinged with contempt. It is not enough for a young man to develop himself along an especial line, to become an extraordinary singer, or mathematician, or football player. God and man ask of him a symmetrical development, the expansion of the powers of body, mind, and spirit. He must be an all-around man, or something less than a man.—Sel.

A Boy With A Purpose.

Choose a career, and labor on it undismayed, unflinchingly, and success comes—or, rather, you will come to it. Nothing illustrates this truth better than the life of the famous explorer, Dr. Schliemann. Years ago a German father read to his boy a translation of Homers' story of the siege of Troy, and the lad made up his mind to find the ruins of that ancient city. Troy had perished three thousand years ago—if, indeed, it ever existed at all. But said the little German, I will find it. Though a poor lad, slaving at work until bed-time he procured books and taught himself six or seven languages. He pushed on and proposed until, as merchant, he made a fortune. Every step of his study and money-making was taken with the aim of fulfilling the vow of his boyhood. In due time he started eastward with a company of laborers, and for long, long years pushed his search. At last he found Troy. His discovery was a sensation through all Europe.

A short time ago the treasures of gold, and silver and bronze dug out of the palace of the Trojan king were exhibited at South Kensington.

For three thousand years the burned ruins of that city had lain covered with sand, and by many it was regarded only as the fabled creation of poetry, but Dr. Schliemann, at his own stunted expense and by his own amazing enterprise, proved the discovery to the world.

Think of it. A poor lad, learning languages, making money, spending seven years or more in far away deserts, sustained through a lifetime by one fixed resolution. He vowed in boyhood that he would find Troy and he did find it. This German lad had said "put down my name," and when life was far spent he succeeded in winning his way into the Temple of Fame.—Educational Independent.

Fearing The Worst.

One of the worst habits, formed in early life, is that of borrowing trouble, of looking on the black side of things. It is much easier to talk down than to talk up. We are naturally, pessimistic. One of the best of success-helps is to acquire, early in youth, a habit of thinking the best, not the worst, will happen; that we are not poor, miserable creatures, hounded on every hand by the enemies of our life and happiness, but that we were made to be happy, to be free from harassing cares, anxieties, forebodings; that we were made to worry or to project black pictures, but to create bright and cheerful ones.

We should no more allow a discordant or a dark picture in the mind, than we would allow a thief in our home. We should remember that such thoughts are worse than thieves, because they steal our comfort, our happiness, our contentment. These black enemies, these discordant guest, leave their scars and stains and slimes upon the house that is beautiful within. It is almost impossible to exclude them when they once enter, but it is comparatively easy to keep them out when we learn the secret of excluding them.

We should learn that these enemies have no right to intrude themselves upon our consciousness. Treat them as trespassers, eject them instantly, and do not allow them to paint their black images upon the mind. Do not allow yourself to read, to hear, or to see anything which will produce discord or disturb your peace of mind and harmony.

A famous Englishman said that a habit of looking on the bright side of life is worth a thousand pounds a year. It is infinitely more than can be measured by pounds, dollars or cents for it means peace of mind, power, and beauty and sweetness of life. Everything has a bright side if we know how to see it.—Ex.

A German cobbler and his wife had two dogs, a Saint Bernard, six months old, and a fox terrier, three years old. A friend, calling one day, said to the cobbler, "Those are two fine dogs you have." "Yes," replied the cobbler, "an de funny part of it is dat de biggest dog is de littlest one." His wife then spoke up and exclaimed: "You must mine husband excuse; he speaks not very good english. He means de oldest dog is de youngest one."

The Duties of the Orphanage Representative.

1. Get all the facts and information possible about the Home and try to keep the work of the Orphanage before the Society and at least once a year have a program on the Home.

2. Co-operate with the Superintendent of the Sunday school in an effort to stimulate interest in the Orphanage by giving the children facts about the Home, and calling the attention of the Sunday school to the fourth Sunday collection in advance of each fourth Sunday.

3. Where the paper is not taken by the whole church, try to get it into each home on the Church Club Plan.

4. Where a Society undertakes some definite work for the Home, to look after this work and see that it receives prompt and careful attention.

5. To act as representative of the Orphanage throughout the church and to urge its interests upon the people.

The Forgotten Kiss

A wife heard her husband's key in the lock, and springing up to greet him on his evening home-coming she exclaimed: "I'm so glad you've come, Will." And then she awaited for the benediction of Love, "everything O. K. today?" he gayly asked. "Good—I've had a hard day of it, and as there's time I'll take a little nap before dinner." And he ran up stairs, while his wife went back to the library—to cry! Thousands of men will say this woman was a fool to weep over such a trifling matter. Trifling! That neglect of the husband to kiss his wife meant to her the abandoned sacrament of Love. Of course he loved her in his way; would fight for her; indeed, would die for her, if called upon. He loved not less, he simply felt that having lived contentedly with her for so many years, that it is no longer important that he should kiss her when they met and parted, as in the their youthful romance. And all too often those endearments which make the wife conscious that she is still held as bride, which invigorate her response to the duties lying before her, which sustain and comfort her as the testimonials of an unchanged affection, are won by one sacrificed upon the altar of a husband's self-complacency.

A husband is too often content with life as it is; while the wife, forbidden by the law to tell him that his forgetfulness of caresses which he once lavished upon her is eating out her heart, becomes old before her time. And the husband wonders why!—Ladies Home Journal.

The Right Kind of a Boy.

A boy who had thoughtlessly hurt the feelings of a friend, called in the evening and said: "Is Theodore in? I want to see him."

The two had a few moments earnest talk, after which Theodore came back to the living room with a very bright face.

"Kenneth is a good fellow," he said as his mother looked up inquiringly. "He was rather horrid to me today when I made an error on third base, and he came around tonight to apologize. He said he was sorry that he had been rude, and he thought he had been unfair. There are not many fellows who take the trouble to ask your pardon when they have been in the wrong."

"Kenneth is a manly boy," said Theodore's father. "Yes, and a generous one," the mother added. "We are glad to have you cultivate the friendship of a boy such as Kenneth. You won't go far astray when in his company."—Comrade.

One secret of success in life is to know how to do some one thing a little better or a little quicker than others do. Recognition of this fundamental principle of life led the sacred writer to say: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Earnestness and consecration are essentials of a vital Christian life.—Selected.

Our coal supply is out but fortunately for the treasury warmer weather is at hand.

The Lady of the Chair

It was at Natchez I met the Lady of the Chair. On a bright Sabbath morning, when all the earth was glad, I met her—the gladdest one I met that day. She came smiling along in a rolling chair, just spilling joy all over the way. I met her at the door of the church. A young man carried her in.

I addressed the Sunday-school—had all of them, including the little tots. The Lady of the Chair was there, radiating blessings. At the morning service she followed every word, and at the class she held her little court. She attracts, draws like a magnet. She climbed the big hills, and was carried up two flights of steps to our cottage prayer-meeting. The good doctor talked about rejoicing evermore. Every word was echoed by her smile. In the evening she was in her place, and by her side was her mother, so rich in the possession of such a daughter. I waited, and I had to wait a good long time, to get a chance to say good-bye to this wonderful worker for God.

Now, listen, you great, big healthy men and women, who say "I can't do anything." Listen to what the Lady of the Chair does. She makes a good living for two. She had money in the bank, and it is still there, but she is not grieving over it. She teaches the little tots five days in the week. They all love her. She is, beyond doubt, one of the most active Christian workers in our State. Whenever you meet her she is on the way to another meeting. She is a great, sweet power of God. She has looked upon the face of Christ, and her face is the happiest face I ever saw.

Long reign the Lady of the Chair.—Sunshine Hawks, in the Mississippi Visitor.

The Coming Citizen.

The anarchy of the present day exists because the ideal of the common good has not found place as it should. A city's people should regard themselves as children of a common household. Man must be always wasting and consuming; there is no such thing as inoffensive idleness. If he consumes without return, he forfeits his right to be a good citizen. The good citizen should be something more than simply good; he must put his goodness into action and make it count. Then will it be considered a great thing to be called to real and effective citizenship.—Twin-City Sentinel.

A country clergyman, it is said, that on his round of visits asked young son of his hostess if he had heard of the parables. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "Good! And which of them do you like best?" The boy squirmed, but at last, heeding his mother's frowns, answered: "I guess I like that one where somebody 'loafs and fishes.'"—Ex.

Cutting off an enemy's food-supply is a blow beneath the belt.—Wall Street Journal.

Seaboard Air Line Railway

Trains Leave Charlotte Effective January 3, 1915.
East and North Bound
No. 14—5:30 a. m.—Through train for Wilmington, with parlor car attached. Connecting at Hamlet with train for Portsmouth, Norfolk, Raleigh and all points north. Dining car service, vestibule coaches and sleeping cars to Washington and New York, connecting at Maxton for A. C. L. points north.
No. 34—10:10 a. m.—For Raleigh and all local points.
No. 29—5:05 p. m.—For Wilmington sleeping car, passengers can stay in all night at Wilmington. This train connects at Hamlet for Savannah, Jacksonville and all points south and north and connecting at Maxton with A. C. L. for points north.
No. 16—7:18 p. m.—Handles local sleeper Portsmouth-Norfolk, connecting at Monroe for Atlanta and all points west and southwest, also connects at Monroe with fast train for Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and New York, through vestibule coaches. Pullman electric lighted sleeping cars to New York, dining cars Richmond to New York.
West Bound
No. 15—5:30 a. m.—Local for Rutherfordton, connecting at Bostic with C. & O. for all points on that line to Johnson City, Tenn.
No. 31—3:25 p. m.—Local for Rutherfordton from Raleigh, connecting at Lincolnton with C. & N. W. for points on that line.
For further information call 'phone 180, City office, 32 W. Trade St. James Ker Jr., T. P. A. Charlotte, N. C. John T. West, D. P. A. Raleigh, N. C.

Belk Brothers

Lion and Belk Spring Shirts
New Spring line Lion and Belk White and Fancy Coat Shirts, made of Percal, Madras and Souisette 98c., \$1.25 and \$1.50.
Special lot All Silk Four-in-Hands. 25c
Lion Silk Shirts \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00
All the new ideas in Spring Neckwear, including the Tipperary Greens, Sand Shade materials, etc., made of fine silks, choice. 48c
Silk Sox 25c
Mr. Man, why pay 50c for Silk Sox when you can buy the Ipswich Silk Sox here in white and all colors. 25c
Mens and Boys Spring Suits
Men's and Boy's New Spring Suits coming in every day. Come in while you can get good selections.
Men's All Wool Suits, \$7.50, \$8.75, \$9.50, \$12.50 and \$15.00
Styleplus and Schloss Clothing
Styleplus Guaranteed Suits. \$17.00
Schloss Hand-Tailored Suits. \$15.00 to \$25.00
Mens and Boys Pants
200 pairs Men's all Pure Worsted Pants, values up to \$4.00, choice. 50, 93c and \$1.50
Boys' Pants, 50, 93c and \$1.50
Hats and Caps
Stetson and Belk Hats in all the new shapes and colors \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.50
Men's and Boys New Spring Caps 25 and 40

BELKBROTHERS

Charlotte North Carolina.

Our Fatherless Ones, 4,500

Circulation among the cream of the citizenship of the Old North State.

Advertising Rates reasonable and made known on application. A limited amount of clean advertising solicited from our friends.

Your advertising is read by the best people in North Carolina—the people who have money to spend. In no other paper will you reach such a select class of readers at such low rates.

When you advertise in Our Fatherless Ones you are killing two birds with one stone, you get value for value for your money, make a donation to the orphanage and assist our paper which is the mouthpiece of the orphanage and a powerful factor in training our boys to become useful citizens.

Would you like to put an advertisement in 4,500 personal letters to friends? If so address:

Our Fatherless Ones Barium Springs, N. C.

Blessing In Disguise.
Who ne'er has suffered, he has lived but half.
Who never failed, he never strove or sought.
Who never wept is stranger to a laugh.
And he who never doubted never thought.
—Rev. J. B. Hale.

Do not be content with following good advice; catch up with it.—The Youth's Companion.

W. G. JARRELL MACHINE CO.

20-26 W. Fourth St., Charlotte N. C.
The best equipped repair shop in the Carolinas. We make a specialty of Corliss Engine and Pump repairs.
Night or Day, Except Sundays, Phone 367. Night Call 2006-p

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10c per roll of six exposures. Prints 3 and 4 cents. Post cards 5c. Enlargements 25c and up.
W. J. Huneycutt, Glade Valley, N. C.

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Our Fall and Winter Styles of Shoes are Here, and they, by their QUALITY, invite your inspection.

SHOES to SHOE youth, manhood, womanhood and old age
We have the very latest in collars and cuffs. Our shirts will Satisfy in style and quality, the most critical taste.

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Rev. W. M. Sikes, B.D. Newton, N. C. Presents the church's message of the hour. A clear and forceful statement of truth. Just the book you need in meeting your present opportunity. Price \$1.25 postpaid. Order from the author.

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